

CLIX

A
S T R A N G E
AND
W O N D E R F U L
P R O P H E C Y :

For the Year, 1688.

IN Eighty Eight, this present Year,
Great Wonders in *England* will Appear :
Four Crowned Kings will (in one place)
Fight, and put others to the Chase.



Yet e're the Year be done (we trust)
Their Pride will be laid in the Dust,
Men turn'd to other Shapes will be,
Yet no strange Object will we see.
Fair handsome *English* Maids will fall,
And never more rise up at all.
The Briskest *London-blades* will be,
Plagu'd with a Word of Letters three,
Bones of the Dead, in every Town,
Will be (like Mad) thrown up and down.
And e're these troubles quite be o're,
(Which have made many Nations Poor.)
The Bowels of the Dead will cry,
Unto the quick, *make Melody.*
A Herald proud then up will stand,
And raise his Voice o're all the Land.
He will proclaim a Sudden Peace,
Then all the Civil War will cease.
His Beard's of Flesh, his Mouth's of Horn,
Another such was never Born.
Yet ere a twelve Month go about,
He will be Murder'd by the Rout.

Sold by *Hugh Burnet* in *Shoe lane*

F I N I S.